PS 3545
.H545
N3
1919
Copy 1

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
AND OTHER VERSE

J. M. WHITE, M. D.

Class PS3545
Book .H545N3
Copyright No. 1919

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

OTHER VERSE

PAGE

WILD LANNUI 69

THE HOME OF BEAUTY 70

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY

J. M. WHITE, M. D.

TELL FARMER PUBLISHING COMPANY
MERIDIAN, MISS.

PS 3545
.H545 N3
1919

Copyright, 1919, by
J. M. White, M. D.

JUN -3 1919

©CLD 51964

PERSONS REPRESENTED

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
Emperor of France

KING LEWIS 18TH,
Bourbon King

GEN. TALLEYRAND,
GEN. CAULAINCOURT,
Councilmen

GEN. FOUCHE,
Minister of Police

GEN. BERTRAND,
GEN. DRUOT,
GEN. McDONALD,
GEN. CAMBRONNE,
GEN. DELESSART,
French Generals

COL. CAMPBELL,
English Commissioner

DUKE d'ENGHIEN

COUNT MONTHOLON

ALEXANDER,
Czar of Russia

JOSEPHINE,
First wife of Emperor afterwards divorced

MARIE LOUISE,
Second wife of Emperor

LETITIA BONAPARTE,
Mother of Emperor

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

ROAUL, *Aide-de-Camp*

OFFICER OF GUARD

GHOST OF DUKE d'ENGHIEN

MAID TO JOSEPHINE

MAID TO MARIE LOUISE

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS

CHORISTERS

TWO COURTIERS

SCENE: *In Paris, Island Elba*

DEDICATION

To the Reader, this little work I offer with my highest regards.

I would with golden words, bright thoughts untold,
To you a beauteous sweet song unfold.
To stern things now turn, I inscribe to you,
Not all sweet, but some bitter bring to view;
This rough sketch, or leaves from life of the great,
The man who trod the battlefields of fate,
Who bared his bleeding and unbosomed heart,
He who breathed and moved with majestic art.
This story should't please and you read it thru,
Content am I—Kind Reader, 'tis for you!

Very sincerely yours,
J. M. White, M. D.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

ACT I.

Scene 1.—*Paris; a street.*

[*Enter Talleyrand*]

Talleyrand: Blow, blow, ye wild and weary wingless winds,
Now are the placid waters of this warring
Sea, starting e'en to lash the rock-ribbed shores.
Dark war clouds are the blue skies covering,
And the great eye of day doth darkened veil
Adorn. In west the carmine tinted clouds
Hover and linger as if loath to leave
All beauty from the scene. The low celestial
Cannonade opes with great volcanic voice
That doth reverberate along the beach.
The sea gulls on light wing, seek shelter from
The approaching storm, and billowy waves almost
Beat against the clouds. This natural upheaval
Is simile to man and his ways that in
These tempest tossed times do seek satisfaction,
With plumed Knight and bannered battalions.
The restless, changeful sea, one day 'tis an
Innumerable multitude of broken
Sapphires, another day a misty vast
Opalescent expanse of restless ripples.
Now the broad continent of Europe shows
Her ruffled front against this warring champion.

[*Enter Fouche*]

What think you, General Fouche, of the setting
Of this broad earthly stage, and have your eyes
Prophetically seen the portending storm?

Fouche: Friend Talleyrand, all Europe is roused as
T'was never roused before, and they mean to
Now fight, e'en to last man, in this titantic
war.

Talleyrand: What think you this man of destiny,
Man of the hour, this champion Goliath,
This constellated and colossal Genius,
This double decked, multipawed Tarantula,
Who makes the Kings flee from the shadow of
His swift approaching form?

Fouche: You do refer
To Emporer Napoleon? Then judging
From the inflection of your speech you do
Not like his Majesty.

Talleyrand: No, I'm not married
To his collossal self esteem.

Fouche: You do
Speak truth; Napoleon is sure ambitious.

Talleyrand: And he would big monopoly form of
Kingdoms, combine close in a royal trust
All earthly thrones, elect himself the owner
And ruler of them all becoming soon
The monarch of the world. He must be curbed.

Fouche: How can he be controlled? Have not the
armed
Hosts been for years in battle strong with him?

Talleyrand: His star of destiny begins to set,
"Tis ever thus with tyrants." And some day
Will see the turning point of his blown fame.

I'll aid the warring hosts to bring about
His swift downfall. There are more ways of
conquest
Than by the cannon's mouth. Sometimes not to
Fight gets results e'en better than to fight.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE 2.—*A room in the palace.*

[*Enter Fouche and Caulaincourt.*]

Fouche: How fares my friend Caulaincourt? I hope
you
Are much refreshed after arduous
Work in the Senate.

Caulaincourt: I return your friendly
Greeting and can say that I feel refreshed.
The coronation was a trial to
One's nerves, and such enforced excitement was
Indeed to me an ordeal. Those who
Remember having seen it will soon doubt
Whether they waking were or whether in
Fancy, oft too fond, had formed visions so
Dazzling in brightest grand appearance and
That was extraordinary even in
Its origin and its smooth progress.
Napoleon and Josephine were crowned
As Emperor and Empress of France by
Pius the Seventh, Pontiff of Rome in
Cathedral of Notre Dame, and it sure
Was one of most imposing, and too, most
Brilliant scenes that has e're been enacted
In France. The Emperor took coronation
Oath, as usual on such grand occasions,
With his hand on the Scripture and in form
Repeated to him by the Pope. But in

The act of coronation there was marked
Deviation from custom, and the crown
Was blessed by Pope and then Napoleon
Took it soon from the altar with his own
Hands and placed it on his own brow. He then
Put the bright diadem on the head of
Josephine. Heralds now proclaimed outright
Th' thrice glorious and also thrice august man
Napoleon, Emperor of France, was then crowned
And then installed, and just so now ended
Most dazzling, brilliant pageant that the world
Has ever witnessed. With much interest and
Extreme attention I have now observed
This extraordinary man Napoleon.
He is thin, pale, with air of great fatigue,
But not of ill health he appears to me.
To listen with abstraction more than with
Interest, and he seems more occupied
With what he was then thinking than with just
What was said to him. There is, I think, great
Intelligence in his fair countenance.
Along with which may soon be marked an air
Of meditation which reveals not what
Is passing on within that thinking head:
In that bold mind, it is impossible,
Not to believe that some great daring plans
Are there engendering which will have their
Influence on the destinys of world.
See! He is coming now. Watch his approaching
Form and majestic tread. He is the most
Natural and magnetic actor th' world
Has ever seen, now having this great world
For his stage! He soon moves the hearts of men
As though with magic.

[*Enter Emperor and Josephine from the left wing. The Emperor seats the Empress on his right, and then takes his seat.*]

[*Enter Druot.*]

Emperor: Scarcely have I just entered Paris and
Had time, nay, one good breathing spell to change
Greetings with noble consuls and my friends
Before there comes a rumor of a new
Coalition that has been formed against
Me. I hear England, Russia, Austria
And Sweden, with half million men, now are
Preparing once again for war. Have you,
My noble Consuls, heard this bad report?

Caulincourt: I've to remark to your dear highness
that such
Report was current on the streets and in
The Senate yester evening.

Emperor: And I shall
Have a plan and be ready soon with its
Execution to meet just all attacks
Of enemies, be they e'en great or small.
Knowledge is power, only is half truth.
'Tis well to know, 'tis well to have library,
Both within and without ones head, For what
Happiness in books, and what pleasures knowing!
But such advantages be they never so
Rich, are not power. They do not make forces
Which do. They are just educational
Films which are hung before the mind, thus giving
Oft times some pleasure and recreation
But not soon quickening thought. Th' distinction
Between the mind just as receptacle,
A mental elevator and storehouse,

And as a motor or dynamic force,
Is e'er to be observed. And when the coal
Intellectual is put into fire
Of action power flows, but knowledge which
Does not e'en stimulate thought, lead to action
Is not much power. 'Tis not broad knowledge
But thinking deep which is world's greatest power
As it is at this time world's greatest need.
Infallible are nature's laws. Man's laws
And science are at times quite fallible.
It is the man who says, I will do that,
No matter what the undertaking or
The task, be it the exploration of
The frozen regions, of the bleak cold north
Where the white polar bear paces to and fro
O'er the smooth glassy surface of the ice,
Who's fields expanding into one great, vast,
Bleak waste, just barren of all verdure or
Living thing, forming such an icy desert.
A man to be successful must have plans;
And must be able to act at the proper
Time, and put his plans into execution.
Have you, my Noble Councils, heard more of
Conspiracies against the State of France?

Druot: I have heard many recent rumors of
Conspiracies against the life of your
Highness. One Duke d'Enghien at his castle
Just in the Duchy o' Baden, is, I think,
Implicated.

Emperor: Now these conspiracies
Must come from my own foes political.
Druot you will have this same Duke arrested
And called before me, then let him this charge
Of dark Confederacy just now answer.

SCENE 3—*A Room in the Palace.*

[*Enter Napoleon and members of his Council, Caulaincourt, Fouche, Druot, A Sergeant-at-Arms, two Guards with the Duke d'Enghien prisoner.*]

[*Emperor takes his seat up stage in center, council are seated on the right and left.*]

Druot: We present 'fore your highness Duke d'Enghein.

Emperor: Duke d'Enghien, it is my painful duty
To now inform you that the Court has passed
Sentence on you, and that you are just now
Condemned to death. What have you to say?

Duke d'Enghien: What I have done was, for my country's good.
You, with your great war genius now hath caused
Many a death. My brother's bones now lie
Bleaching on that bare battle field and many
A heart is bleeding from wounds caused by
You. Many women now are widowed, and
Many a child is fatherless because
Of constant waging of this cruel war.

Sergeant-at-Arms: Duke d'Enghien, unless you do change quickly
Th' abusive character of your remarks,
I soon shall stop your talk and limit your time.

Emperor: Let him proceed.

Duke d'Enghien: I realize that my
Life hangs just on a brittle thread and nothing
I can say or do will change my sad fate,
Your court has passed sentence and to me
Has come the day of doom, yet the few short

Moments that you permit me now to live
I shall spend as I think best for the good
Of my dear country, and not for myself
Or in a selfish way. You are a great
Man; and you hold the key that oft unlocks
The lives of thousands. I am not now pleading
For your clemency. The charge against me
Was the attempt to soon assassinate
You, and had I succeeded, that would have been
The taking of just one life only, and
Would have been saving then of many lives
Of my own countrymen and closing war
For I can read the times and see afar.
It is the people's fight and Autocrats war.

Sergeant-at-Arms: Duke d'Enghien, now your time limit is fast
Approaching, you have now a few moments.

Emperor: Let him finish. Say on.

Duke d'Enghien: I thank you, sir,
For this permission just now to proceed.
As I was saying, I know that I am
Now standing on the brink of th' cold, cold grave,
Soon to meet face to face my great Creator;
And whether I go or stay makes not now
The fraction of a hair's breadth difference
To me. Indeed, I can smile at death and
Meet him more than half way when I know that
My God and my good country will uphold me.
Give me attention and mark now my own
Prophecy: There shall come a time some day
When universal peace shall spread her wings
O'er the world; savage slaughter will then cease.
I pray for Heaven's mercies on your highness,

And now I close, I've finished. I bid you
All farewell, and yet, with the parting breath
Had I successful been, I would have cried:
"Sic Semper tyrannis!"

Emperor: Duke d'Enghien, I was much interested
In your courageous speech, which shows you are
A man of valor and conviction strong.
Had I heard this your speech before your trial,
Sentence would never have been passed on you.
And I feel I could almost play the woman
And weep for you; Indeed I do feel almost
Persuaded that I could die for you, for
I just dislike to see a brave man die.
[*Exuent.*]

SCENE 4.—*A Street.*

[*Enter two Courtiers.*]

First Courtier: Good morning, my good Sir. What news is floating on the political horizon and in the air of Paris? What are you handing me?

Second Courtier: How are you? I see you have a nasal and olfactory nerve fashioned for news, like the nose of a blood-hound that can trace a scent for days.

First Courtier: What are you handing me? If you go to live in the Figis', don't expect to live to eat, expect to live to be eaten! My wife asked me if I would marry her and if she was impossible? If I answered yes or no she had me either way.

Second Courtier: Why did you not keep mum?

First Courtier: That's what I did, and she said

silence gives consent! One thing a critic will not go up against is the south end of a mule.

Second Courtier: Can you tell me what a man becomes who has a girl named Lemon?

First Courtier: Why, he is a lemon squeezer.

Second Courtier: What's the smallest thing in the world?

First Courtier: The smallest thing is an atom!

Second Courtier: Not correct.

First Courtier: A vacuum is the smallest thing.

Second Courtier: True, it is a small thing, but the smallest thing in the universe is your brain, Ha!

First Courtier: To return to our subject—What's in the breeze of Paris?

Second Courtier: You have heard of the French victories at Wagram, and of the great slaughter of Austrian troops?

First Courtier: Yes, I have heard about it.

Second Courtier: And that the Emperor returns to Fountainebleau flushed with the glories of his Austrian campaign, and that the honors of war are crowding thick upon him. He is congratulated by the public bodies of Paris and at the palace, as the greatest of heroes who never achieved victories but for the good and happiness of the world. What kind of tick is the greatest pest?

First Courtier: Why, the cattle tick.

Second Courtier: No, the kind that disturbs your rest at night.

First Courtier: What is that?

Second Courtier: The bed tick!

First Courtier: Now, you are talking news. I would ask if you have heard it whispered in the confines of Madam Rumor, or rolled under the tongue of neighboring news gossips—''

Second Courtier: Have I heard what?

First Courtier: The news that there is to be a separation 'twixt Josephine and Napoleon?

Second Courtier: No, not to say heard it—only that the Emperor himself said in an imperial speech in which he did describe the events of the past year and the State of France. ''I and my home will ever be found ready to sacrifice everything, even our dearest ties and feelings, to the welfare of the French people.''

First Courtier: That is a noble sacrifice. 'Tis noised
About and spoken openly on th' street
That there is to be a separation.

Second Courtier: Can'st thou guess th' cause?

First Courtier: Well, you know that the rich and people of
Royal blood, as well as the poor and lowly,
Have grievances; and trouble just like death,
''Knocks at the palace and the cottage gate.''
As to the cause, I do not know; except
The Emperor now being weighed with so
Many big victories on bloody battle
Field and with honors of state still pressing
Upon him, also having just arrived at
The age and circumstance wherein a man
Craves an heir—legal and a royal heir
To his estate.

Second Courtier: How does the lady take it?

First Courtier: I hear that the poor Lady Josephine

Is much distressed, not with a noisy grief
Or one that with explosive sounds does soon
Shake neighboring big buildings to the base;
It is not demonstrative, but 'tis that
Silent and plaintive grief that comes from deep
Down in the heart where nestles all the ties
Of life. Have you not heard a bird that seemed
To be distressed pour out his soul in
A plaintive song? But we are previous;
All this is mere talk and the lady can't
Be grieved before the separation.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

Scene 1.—*A Street.*

[*Enter two Courtiers.*]

First Courtier: That was a plaintive speech made by the Duke d'Enghien.

Second Courtier: Yes, but it did not save his life.

First Courtier: He does not seem to fear death and the Emperor granted a pension to his family, thus smoothing the sentence, which he said could not be revoked.

[*Enter Duke d'Enghien, from his arraignment; (Sergeant-at-Arms will take him down a flight of winding stairs, where he is to be shot) Druot and Fouche.*]

First Courtier: Stand by, let us see him.

Duke d'Enghien: Now all good people, and friends, who would in
Passing thus pause to pity me, or shed
The crystal tear, think of me as one who
Loved life and all the beautiful grand world;
Its georgeous sunsets, sweet contentment and
Peace under mine own good vine and fig tree.
When I'm shot, say that he died like a man,
Not fearing death but pitying those that
Killed him. Farewell!

[*Exuent.*]

SCENE 2—*A Room at King Louis' House.*

[*Enter King Louis and Two Courtiers.*]

King Louis: Well, my good friends and my dear Courtiers, say
How seems the elements, and what portend
The weather signs? And canst thou, with eye to
Prophetic vision now read you the signs
Of the times and tell me how long in days
Or month, this weary and enforced exile
Will last, and will there come not soon some change
In this unlucky and ill-tempered fate?

First Courtier: My good and gracious Sovereign, I can say
I have heard it said of old that there was
Never a lane so long that did not have
A turning; your fate may change soon.

Second Courtier: I see
In the distance now th' approaching form of some
Party whose carriage seems like the equipage
Of royalty; it is I think the lady
Josephine. She speaks and says that she would
Desire an audience with your good highness.

King Louis: What can the lady now desire at my
Poor hands? Conduct the lady in and I
Shall hear what she has to say. [*Exit Courtiers.*]

[*Enter Josephine.*]

King Louis: My gentle lady, what ill wind brings you
Thus early to the castle of recluse?
What have I that you'd have, that you would want?

Josephine: I happened just to be passing here

And was informed that King Louis was therein,
And then decided to stop and see you.

King Louis: I am indeed glad to see you. A rose
From France would be welcomed by me. I'm sure
That the chief lady of France is more than
Welcome to this, my poor and humble bode.
[*They shake hands.*]

Josephine: Thank you.

King Louis: Pray tell me, my good lady, all news from
Paris, for I'm as hungry for news from
My country as th' proverbial old beggar,
Lazarus, hungry was for crumbs that fell
From the rich man's fair table. This old house
And its great barren walls are all but prison
To me; true, I have access in and out
But quiet 'tis here to me in this little
Nook, never seeing, and not even hearing,
A moving or a sounding thing—no, not
Even the clatter of a horse's hoof; and
The stillness is just simply stifling and
Almost unbearable. Speak now, my good
Lady, how fares Napoleon, your husband?

Josephine: Napoleon is in such goodly spirits;
He now is busy with affairs of France
That seldom I get to see him, and I
Feel just now almost widowed. What's the use,
King Louis, for a woman to be tied
To her man and lord yet ne'er have a chance
To even speak to him or hold converse
In the smooth language of love? Woman's heart
Needs to be tended, nurtured, and it is
Just like transplanted flowers that oft need
To be well watered to make them give perfume.

King Louis: Excuse me, my good lady, I am not
Interested in affairs of woman's heart,
What passes 'tween you and your royal good
Lord does not least concern me, 'cept that I
A prophecy have to give you if you
Will pardon its cold and unvarnished
Delivery. For it is spoken in words
Free from bad envy or the low reflection
Of malice; and I, my dear child, am now
Starting to be too heavily burdened still
With the weight of years to e'er speak of others
In a malicious manner. Now will you
For a few moments, sit down at the feet
Of wisdom and then listen to the senile
Gutterals and prophetic warnings of
An old degenerate? The foolish must
To the wise tribute pay. There's ne'er a time
When good hard sense is not still greatly needed.

Josephine: What dreadful word is he about to utter?
Say on, King Louis. [*Aside.*]

King Louis: I would not now with full intent in least
Manner your feelings, wound, or cause to start
From its accustomed bed the crystal tear.
However, I feel that I must do my
Duty; and I will now at once deliver
To you my pent up thoughts. It is, I think,
A delicate soft subject to talk or
Write to a woman 'bout her own dear husband.
Napoleon is indeed ambitious and
Begins to feel his royal and high keeping.

Josephine: Is that all? And had you no more dread speech
Now to deliver than to say my lord

And husband is ambitious? That is not
Saying more than was said of the great Caesar.

King Louis: My mind has been diverted from its course;
Again I'd ask the news from Paris?

Josephine: At night the city Paris soon was lit
And brilliantly illuminated. All
Th' Inhabitants were turned out en-masse.
Night after night sure every house was lighted,
The populace was anxious still to show
Their pleasure at Napoleon's great victory.
They stood in crowds around the palace and
Were content if they could catch one glimpse of
Preserver of France and the hero of Marengo.

King Louis: This brings me now back to the point which I
Was just 'bout to discuss. Mark these, my warning
Prophecies; When this great lord and your husband
Is through with all his plans and gains his ends
In politics and favors of the French,
His selfish high ambition's satisfied,
Then you—mark my words—surely will be widowed
Indeed; but it will be green widowed.

Josephine: What's green widowed?

King Louis: Is not grass green? To be plain, I mean
Grass widowed—forsaken.

Josephine: How could your highness make such dreadful thought
And prophecy? My husband has ne'er harmed
You. Well, I must be going.

King Louis: My good lady will kindly deliver this Message to Napoleon which reads thus:

[*He reads the message.*]

"You are very tardy about restoring my throne to me; it is to be feared that you may let the favorable moment slip. You cannot establish the happiness of France without me, and I, on the other hand, can do nothing for France without you. Make haste then and point out yourself the post and dignities which will satisfy you and your friends."

King Louis: Tell him that I fear his progressive Usurpation. [*Hands her the note.*]

Josephine: I bid your highness adieu.

[*Exit Josephine and King Louis.*]

SCENE 3—*A Room in the Palace.*

[*Enter Napoleon and members of his Council, Caulaincourt, Druot and Fouche.*]

[*Emperor takes his seat up stage in center, likewise the Council are seated on the right and left.*]

Emperor: I have now to address you, my good Council
On matter that pertains to my dear home
Affairs; and on a former sad occasion
I made remark that I and my own house
Will e'er be ready sacrifice to make
Of everything, e'ev our own dearest ties
And feelings, to the welfare of the French.
To me this is a delicate, sad subject
To now discuss; however, long 'fore I had
Assumed th' imperial throne, my hopes

Of offspring from the union with my wife,
Josephine, were to end. The son of dear
Hortense Bonaparte, a small infant, whom I
Had hopes to make my heir, died just in his
Childhood; and now I find that if I am
To have an heir to France, I shall have to
Dissolve this marriage with Josephine,
And then cast 'bout and try to form soon an
Alliance with some good imperial tribe,
At the expense of my own deepest feelings,
Which I do always give to welfare of
State. I have soon resolved to, just now
Myself soon separate from my consort.
Arrived at the age of forty years,
I may conceive the hope of living such
Length to soon elevate in mind and after
My ideas, children with which it shall please
Providence to bless me. God knows how much
This resolution has cost my heart. I
Should also add that, far from having least
Complaint, I have, on contrary just side,
Only had good cause to laud this attachment
Of my beloved wife. She has adorned
Fifteen years of my life, th' recollection
Thereof will always yet stay graven on
My heart. Consul Fouche, send a messenger
For Lady Josephine.

Fouche: The message now
Shall be delivered for your Majesty.
I have a note just from the exiled King Louis.
He speaks bold somewhat 'gainst your Majesty.

Emperor: Reply to it and tell him that his cause
Is lost, and that he can't return to France.

[*Enter Josephine from the left wing.*]

Emperor: Soft! there she comes; th' gorgeous bright Aurora,
With glittering and rainbow tinted trimmings!

Josephine: Did you send for me, my dear lord and good
Husband? What can be the import of your Message?

Emperor: The subject matter of my message
I have to you in private oft revealed.

Josephine: Nay, I don't understand. What do you mean?
You seem sad. Or, are you ill, my dear lord?

Emperor: Not so, my lady. 'Tis not physical,
But 'tis a sad condition that now sits
Heavily on my heart.

Josephine: What can be this condition that gives cause
To such expression. I have seen you just
Before some battle great look much more calm.

Emperor: If I do parley with her, my heart may Soften. I will proceed to business. [*Aside.*]

Fouche: My noble lady, I shall now explain
To you the import of that sad message and
Then plainly tell you why you were sent for.
It is a subject that deals with yours and
The Emperor's own home affairs, as well
As for the good of France and all the nation.
I do refer to process of divorce.

Josephine: Ah! does my husband sanction it?

Emperor: You must know, my good lady, I have mentioned
The matter of this legal separation
To you in private and at other times.

Josephine: Have I not been to you for fifteen long
Years past a good and loyal wife? And in
Your hours of trouble, have I not tried to
Comfort you? Even when your brow would beat
With pain, did I not bind and sooth it with
A gentle, soft caress?

Emperor: I think divorce from you is just now needful.

Josephine: "Entreat me not to leave you," to be sure
I am just now a poor, weak woman and
Know not to buffet with the outside wide
World, and for the past fifteen years you have
Been all the world to me and I have known
No other world, save my Napoleon.
"Entreat me not to leave you." Nay, clip my
Hair and let me be shorn of my locks—those
Locks which you once did prize; and then if that
Does not content you sever from my body
My own right arm and hand, the one that oft
In the night hath soon soothed your aching brow.

Emperor: It pains my heart to do this.

Josephine: Dismiss it quick from your mind. How could you
Have the heart to make me leave you? Have I
Not always ministered to your wants?

Druot: No God-made shrew was ever tamed?
[*Aside.*]

Fouche: How 'bout those from below? [*Aside.*]

Druot: That's begging th' question
The lady Josephine is of a smooth and
Even temper. [*Aside.*]

Druot: My noble madam, you are dallying

With powers of the state and me thinks now
If you would only look at this great subject
In different light and take not in it
Yourself, but just remember that so many
Thousands are now concerned beside yourself
In this complex and almost weighty matter.

Josephine: Does my Napoleon, the one I have
Always thought was mine for life, now say that
I must leave him?

Emperor: I can not see a way now to avoid it;
Divorce will have to issue.

Josephine: Were it not that I thought there was
back of
This some designing knave, who, envious
Of happiness of others, has now laid
This plan just to destroy our marital joys
Forever, some knave with a sinister
And sly, mean manner, who has worked upon
Your broad imagination and moved you
To this—I say, were it not that I thought
Thus, I would treat your proposition in
A different way and show you and your
Dear council that I am a woman with
Some spirit, that I have resentment strong
That can just reach the royal or tall head.

Emperor: That is a goodly speech!

Fouche: I beg to ask your highness,
Shall we proceed to now prepare divorce papers?
[*Josephine interrupts by speaking.*]

Josephine: I see now that your minister, Fouche, is
Mine enemy and that he is exceedingly
Urgent in this matter. What is it to
Him, or he to it?

Fouche: My good lady, you
Do judge me wrong. I have no personal
Malice against you, save that I am now
Looking out for the welfare of the State,
Again I ask the Emperor if we
Shall now prepare the papers?

Emperor: Yes, proceed.

Josephine: Does my dear husband now consent to this?
And is this his command?

Emperor: 'Tis for the best.

Josephine: And shall I go away and never see
Your face again? I shall weep 'till I'm sick.
"Entreat me not to leave you," but cut off
My ears and maim my body for life, and
Pluck out my eyes—eyes that once you did call
Your star-light and say that you loved to
Bask in their beams. Infect me with some loathsome
Disease and let me die by inches, but
Never tell me to leave you. King Louis
Warned me of this. I shall leave you, gentlemen,
To your own councils, for I see you are
Bent on my ruin. [*Josephine leaves the room.*]

Fouche: If we are to get soon this process through,
We must act promptly. Druot, you go to
See Lady Josephine, and try hard to
Persuade her to it.

Druot: I shall do the best I can.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE 4—*The Same.*

[*Enter the Emperor and Empress (from the left wing) and Councils, Fouche, Druot and Cauliancourt (from the right.)*]

Druot: After a somewhat long, extensive talk,
Methinks that I convinced our most noble
Empress that for her now, the proper plan is
To willingly consent to just, fair dictates
Of her countrymen.

Fouche: Good! and she now consents to this divorce,
And has become 'most reconciled!

Josephine: Yes, I am reconciled!

Fouche: Allow me to extend a hand o' sincere
Congratulation. And the Empress is reconciled.

[*Fouche extends his hand to the Empress, which she rejects with scorn.*]

Josephine: Yes, reconciled. As much reconciled
To this divorce as I am now to death.
Why do you call me Empress, when you are
Working all your might to rob me of that
Title? No matter now how great the man, mark
My warning words, this wrong will soon come home
To his dear Majesty, the Emperor.
I shall write those words with pen of fire and
Brand them on his soul!

Druot: I am now pleased to state to the noble
Lady that if she will now willingly
Just sign the papers and consent to this
The council and the Emperor agree
That title to her of the Empress shall be

Preserved to her with a pension of
Three million francs.

Josephine: Do you think you can tempt me to yield up
My heart for gold or for an empty title?
I care not to live in a gilded palace
Where love is not; I care not to live in
Heaven, if up there sweet love reigneth not.
I see resistance from me is now useless;
I believe I will just asknowledge all
These sentiments by now consenting to
Dissolution of this, our hapless marriage,
Which is an obstacle to the good welfare
Of France, depriving it of being one day
Governed by descendants of a great
Man, so evidently raised now by
Providence to efface the swelling ills
Of the terrible revolution and
Re-establish the altar and the throne.

[*Josephine signs the papers consenting to the divorce and starts to go out, Druot stops her while he reads as follows*:]

"We, the Council, do heartily thank the Emperor and the Empress for the nobleness of their mutual sacrifice, and do now accept and ratify the dissolution of marriage."

[*Josephine goes out weeping.*]

Fouche: I have to inform your highness that
The war continues with no interruption
In the peninsula.

Emperor: Any further news from the war?

Fouche: 'Tis said that in your absence not an inch
Of soil could be counted by the French beyond
Their outposts.

Emperor: We will attend to it and send to
Them our re-inforcements. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 5—*A Forest near Paris.*

[*Enter Emperor and General Bertrand.*]

Emperor: Bertrand, it is decreed that I shall soon
Contract alliance with the house of Hapsburg;
And plans are ready laid to tie the Gordian
Knot by the simple proxy method; and
I have become a misanthrope some what
In the affairs of love. I want deceit
To be removed from the sentiment
Of the soul, and this proxy marriage, I
Will none of it, but will disguise myself
[*Emperor disguises himself.*]
In the guise of a country man and put
On now our verdant youth's broad innocence,
Assume and play the country lover with
The first approaching country maid.

Bertrand: How now?
Your majesty is simply jesting; he
Is speaking through his sleeve; he cannot think
To stoop or to descend from his high station
And make love to a maid.

Emperor: Jesting is far removed from me, for I
Was never more in earnest; I shall be
Loved for myself not for my title. You
Can soon withdraw and watch process from some
Neighboring thicket. I shall rest me here.
[*Exit Bertrand.*]
Under the shade of this o'erspreading great
Oak, and with listening ear to symphony
Made by the zephyrs on the leaves will wait

For the approaching country maid.

[*Emperor is near the left of stage.*]

[*Enter Marie Louise and her maid in another part of the forest. They enter from the right wing.*]

Marie Louise: [Speaking to maid]
I am heart-sick with such vain glories of
The world. It's artifice and it's deception
I do hate. I am to be married to
The Emperor Napoleon in order
To strengthen well the diplomatic kinship
Of countries. I must sell my heart, I'll not
Do it, I'll seek some countryman's son for
A lover and will now disguise myself
Just as plain country maid and seek the glancing
Eye and the ruddy cheek of country love.

[*Disguises herself as a country maid.*]

Maid: My lady is sent to be married to
The Great Napoleon, she must not jest
And act in such a flippant manner.

Marie Louise: I am not jesting, and to show that I
Mean what I say, I will in action put
The thought I've just expressed. You can retire

[*Maid retires*]

And watch the pantomine. I see the form
Of country man beneath the overspreading
Tree. As the road goes hard by I will make
In modesty to pass tho I shall try
To speak with him.

[*Marie Louise stoops to pluck a violet and sings*]

"Lone and sweet a violet grew
The meadow weeds among,
A shepherd maid came by, came by
The meadow lands and sung."

[*The Emperor arises and approaches Marie Louise, both being disguised.*]

Emperor: Whither art thou traveling, pretty maid?

Marie Louise: I'm traveling to find a country where men
Do not to the maids oft give flattery.

Emperor: Well, my dear maid, you can your harp hang up
Onto the weeping willow and let it
Take up your plaintive cry: "Weep no more my Lady." This place is sure from flattery
Free: for it is false and lives on the dull
Ear of the listener's purse.

Marie Louise: I did not know that your purse had an ear!

Emperor: Which can the soonest hear the cry of hunger,
Your purse or false and pompous friendship's ear?

Marie Louise: I see that you are lover of the good.

Emperor: [*Singing.*]
The false and the true
Cannot live together;
One o'er takes his due
And then comes bad weather.
In the affairs of heart, my gentle maid,
I think sincerity and honesty
Should reign; for no deception has a place
In lover's heart. My heart is yearning for
The true love of an innocent and guiless
Country maid; such an one do you impress
Me to be. Would you, for the sake of all
That's good and true, write on the tablet of
My mind your name?

Marie Louise: You do o'erstep the measure
Of my own qualities. My name is Mary—
A plain name, and a plain maid who owns it.
Now, would you mind, sir, to tell me your name?

Emperor: An innocent deception does no harm. [*Aside.*]
Yes, I will with great pleasure give to you
My name. They do call me John; that is also
A plain name, and John Angelo sounds better.
How would you care to have a lover named
John Angelo?

Marie Louise: That is a pretty name, sir.

Emperor: I love the name of Mary; and I love
The maid named Mary. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Marie Louise: I must test your love,
Can you a big bucephalus ride, or
A boxing contest hold your own, or measure
Arms with the sword?

Emperor: My dear maid, those feats are
My playthings, and I learned them on bloody
Battlefield. Never test true love by sportive
Strength, but by constancy you can test love.
If I'm not constant, as a truly constant
Thing, then I will not e'er deserve your love.

Marie Louise: No thing is constant; if you love me and
Would win my love, you must a pretty good
Story tell me to charm my listening ear.
Have you not on some summer's evening seen
The mocking-bird perched on the spreading bough
Of gaudy garbed and perfumed magnolia

Tree, and then, pausing for a moment as
If to get inspiration from the perfume
Laden air, then begin the prelude to
His song in low, and soft mellifluous note
Coming from his heart 'fore it reached the throat?

Emperor: I am no songster and can only tell
A plain and simple story of how I
Was in the country brought up, far removed
From the din and rough battle of the city
Life. I was used to drive the team afield,
To act the shepherd, and to tend my father's
Sheep. I would go down to the babbling brook
And gather sweet, wild flowers; but this story
Cannot your tutored ear e'en interest.
[*Emperor pauses.*]

Marie Louise: Oh! yes, go on, there's music in your words.

Emperor: While hunting red wild rose and violet
I spied a lion that was savage and
Most vicious beast. He rapidly was tearing
The carcass of our choice lamb, which he had
Just slain; now as I was a lad that time,
Of trained, unusual strength and agility,
I crept behind him and did suddenly
Lasso the furious beast, and did quickly
Tie the slack end of line to th' tree, with eyes
Still flashing fire, the beastly low and sullen
Growl of th' enraged beast warned me to retire,
As I did so he sprang into the air,
Intending to alight on me, but he
Came down on bare ground with a heavy thud;
And his spring so tightened the rope around
His neck that he seemed dazed. Then I made a

Sure, quick dart for his side, and plunged to
The hilt my knife into his heart. I saw
A scarlet stream gush from the wound, and then,
Uttering one terrific roar, he turned
On his side with a few deep labored breaths
And with convulsive struggles; then was still;
I knew that he was dead. I must be going,
I am detaining you.

Marie Louise: If you love me
Do not leave me yet. See how rapid time
Has flown, and too, your story has proved sweet
Song to my own attentive ear. I am
Foresworn to never wed, save to a king.
That is the sweetest story ever told!

Emperor: Then wed me and I will be christened in
The name of king. [*Emperor gets close to her.*]

Marie Louise: I will for you break my oath 'fore you go;
And I swear to wed my dear Angelo.

Emperor: I am foresworn ne'er to wed, save to one
Duchess, but by the light of thy sweet face
I swear by all that's good, on land or sea,
Never to wed, save to my dear sweet Mary.
Meet me here at the same hour, four o'clock
Tomorrow. Now, farewell, my love.
Placing this ring upon your soft, white hand,
I now await the hour of your command.

[*He kisses her.*]

Marie Louise: Pleasant dreams.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 6—*A Street in Paris.*

[*Enter Marie Louise, stepping out of her carraige, her maid.*]

[*Enter Emperor Napoleon.*]

Marie Louise: I shall speak to him who bears military
Shoulders. Knave him still under formal habit
Of saucy forester. From whence art thou,
Did you hear? Good eve, gentle sir.

[*Speaking to Emperor.*]

Emperor: I heard
My gentle lady, for sure seeing is
Believing, and to hear is to drink music
Of your soft lips. Dame Nature is profuse
At giving her good gifts, withholding not
The smallest or the noblest of her gifts.
She donates them with generous, broad hand;
Her stores are infinite, and, too, she scatters
Them boundless in variety and then
Bestows them with rare justice and divine
Wisdom.

Marie Louise: Would thou now mention some of her
Wise givings?

Emperor: She is architect, with eyes
Artistic see she takes a lump of cold
Clay or thin protoplasm and with her magic
Touch makes midnight threads and locks of black
hair
Or by a light tint from the coloring
Of the blood, she makes Auburn tresses of
Different shades and grades, thus we have blonds,
Brunettes with eyes, brow and face to match hair
All styles of beauties; there's the Senoritas
Of Yucatan and beauties of wild Borneo.

There is the steel cold gray eye, and there is
The large, dark lustrous eye, and eyes that are
So beautiful, so radiant and, too,
Such wonderful eyes! Head and then a face
That is the fairest that the "Sun ere shown
On;" velvet lips that are the rarest and
Her virtue is the queenly jewel of her soul.

Marie Louise: Your voice familiar sounds to my
Ear. 'Twas on yesterday eve I met in wood
A country man who had such fluent speech
And who charmed my ear with his silvery
Tongue. And I can ne'er scarce forget the smooth
Soft cadence of his voice. We both were sure
Foresworn to wed a royal mate and we
Our promise did break; I agreed to wed
This countryman, and he in token of
His vow gave to me this ring.

Emperor: Will you, my
Dear lady, let me see the ring.

Marie Louise: Yes sir.
[*She gives him the ring.*]

Emperor: I was the countryman who gave to you
The ring. This is the Archduchess Marie
Louise I do presume?

Marie Louise: Yes, my name is
Marie Louise. Who is the voluble
Gentleman with whom I am now conversing?

Emperor: My name's Napoleon Bonaparte, and
I am so glad to have the pleasure of
Meeting you.

Marie Louise: And I, too, am happy to
Meet you. Your Majesty's print pictures have
Not done you scantest justice.
[*Exit Emperor, Marie Louise and the Maid.*]

ACT III.

Scene 1—*A Street in Paris.*

[*Enter two Courtiers.*]

Courtier Second: How fares my giant brained friend?

Courtier First: I am well. What are you handing me?

Courtier Second: A simple twist of the wrist. I have health but no money.

Courtier First: As Pat would say, would you kindly let me know when I am dead?

Courtier Second: Why, you are dead now, but you don't know it!
I bought this large hunk of meat.

Courtier First: Why did you not buy a coat instead of meat? The coat would keep you warm.

Courtier Second: Well, you see, my back will extend to me credit, but when I ask my stomach for credit, it says, No, no, never!
Would you say the hen is setting or the hen is sitting? If a hen cackles has she been laying or is she lieing?

First Courtier: I don't know. Have you news?

Courtier Second: I always have a good stock of news. No doubt you have heard of the royal wedding. Would you care to hear it retold?

Courtier First: Yes, say on.

Courtier Second: Berthier represented the Emperor and in March the Archduchess gave her hand to Berthier as proxy for the Emperor. As her carriage was proceeding to Soissons, Napoleon approached to it, and introduced himself to his proxy bride. She exclaimed, "Your Majesty's pictures have not done you justice." Then soon follows a religious marriage at St. Cloud. It was a brilliant wedding and you could not elbow yourself through the crowd. They were so dense if you tried to scratch your own leg, there was danger of a scratch to your neighbors; and if you tried to blow your nose, or nose it, there was danger of blowing the other fellow's big protuberance!

Courtier First: A gentleman should not scratch his leg or blow his nose on such occasions.

Courtier Second: Nor breathe, nor swallow, nor ruminate, but just stand with his mouth open and gaze! Thus his majesty contracted an alliance with the House of Hapsburg, against whom he had fought an hundred battles. Methinks he has set his foot on a big abyss of roses and has driven his team to a goat's house for wool; I fear the Emperor will soon regret his marriage with Marie Louise. Napoleon knows how to select an army, but knows not how to select a wife.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 2—*The Same.*

[*Enter two Courtiers*]

Courtier First: We are now met once again.

Courtier Second: And so we are.

Courtier First: What are you handing me?

Courtier Second: A simple twist of the wrist.

Courtier First: You have come to take your stand and behold the Lady Marie pass from her wedding?

Courtier Second: Yes, 'tis well for the people this day to show forth their joys in sights of honor and glad celebration of patriotism.

[*Trumpets.*]

Courtier First: The trumpet sounds, stand close, the Empress comes.

[*A lively flourish of trumpets, then pass.*]

[*The order of the procession*]

1. General Fouche, Minister of Police.
2. Choristers singing.
3. General Bertrand, bearing a scepter of gold; General Cambronne, bearing a rod of silver with tri-colors.
4. A canopy borne by four officers; under it the Empress in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with diamonds.
5. Certain ladies' maids, with plain circlets of gold with flowers.

Courtier Second: A georgeous train and happy hearts, believe me. I know the Minister of Police.

Courtier First: General Bertrand bears the sceptre of gold, Cambronne bears the rod of silver. Come, go in with me and let us discuss this royal procession.

Courtier Second: Agreed, we will go in.

[*Exit*]

SCENE 3—*A Room in the Emperor's House on the Island of Elba.*

[*Enter Letitia Bonaparte, Mother of the Emperor, and the Emperor.*]

Emperor: Camouflage is the game of war, for it
With the morale, is sure a goodly winner.
"The battle is not to the strong." 'Tis now
A battle of our brains and intellect.
Audacity, audacity is my mascot,
Subtle plans, sudden action is the secret
Of success on the bloody battlefield.
I am reserved with others, but to
My mother, I confide and tell my plans.
It's a reflection on the race of man
To say that now your only man friend is
A woman, and that woman is your mother.
How now, my mother dear, how fares your health?

Letitia Bonaparte: As well's could be expected save that my
Dear son's affairs bear heavily on me.

Emperor: I can't remain here, and I cannot die
On this island and terminate so soon
My own career in dull unworthy rest.
Besides, the want of money would soon leave
Me here, exposed to mine enemies,
You know also the allies have withheld
My pension, and their own compact with me
They do now violate; nor do I yet
Receive from out the Bourbon Court my dues;
Complaints to them are not considered,
And my funds are now being rapidly
Depleted, and I now begin to need
Necessities. I am obliged to sell
Every luxury and comfort round

To raise means to meet current days expense.
Talleyrand, Wellington, and Metternich
Are now discussing how to get rid of
The man of Elba; and the ministers
Of the Vienna Congress have just now
Suggested that I shall be taken to
St. Helena. And that determines me to
Act, as I will be well received by
All the French people, who are being treated
Now with contempt by Louis Eighteenth. What
Have you to say?

Letitia Bonaparte: After some deep reflection, I have to say:
Go, my son, go fulfill your destiny.
You will, perhaps, fail, and your failure may
Be followed soon by your death, but I see
With sorrow that you can't remain here long.
Let us hope that Almighty Arm of God,
Which encompassed and protected you
Amid so many battles, will save you once more.
Knowest thou not the Hand that reached forth
And gathered a few grains of cosmic dust,
Which by it's magic movement was soon made
To grow into a nebulous mass that
Heaved to and fro, and its sides began
To take the form of this great earthly globe?
This Hand can hold you in it's hollow.
Lord God Almighty doeth all things well!

Bertrand: I have a message for your Majesty;
That is, McFleury de Chaboulon has
Arrived with a secret message and
Requests that I deliver it forthwith
To your Majesty. [*Delivers the message.*]

Emperor: Ah! this from Maret, Duke of Bassano;

He wants me to quit Elba at the earliest
[*Reads the message*]
Moment. I have to say, my generals,
That I'm determined to quit Elba and
Let us make ready by collecting now
Eleven hundred soldiers, of whom there
Are just eight hundred still of our Old Guard.
Three hundred also of light infantry;
These men know not of this projected scheme
Or enterprise. I would remind you that now
Colonel Campbell, who has been on watch
O'er Elba for the English has Ferrajo left
And gone to Leghorn.

Druot: This seems now an opportune
Time to take our departure, as the cruisers
Will be so easy to deceive.

Emperor: I will have laid embargo soon on all
The vessels in the harbors of Elba;
Cut off communication with the sea;
Thus will keep our preparations secret.
Bertrand, you must now order ordinance
Officer Vantini to seize the largest
Vessel now lying in the port, which with
Inconstant, of some twenty and six cannon,
And six craft, into which we will now soon
Embark our men. Bertrand, you execute
These orders. [*Exit Bertrand.*]
Now, Druot, you will see that
My staff and 'bout three hundred soldiers are
Now ready to embark aboard the ship,
Inconstant, and you will attend to it
Just at the proper time.

Druot: I shall attend to it.
[*Enter Bertrand.*]

Bertrand: I beg announce to you, our Majesty,
Your orders have been executed.

Emperor: You will now summons just a few of soldiers
Before me. [*Exit Bertrand.*]
Druot, can you get ready soon the men?

Druot: I can prepare them quickly, 'cause there is
Just simply luggage and their armament
Which, with their uniforms, can shortly be
Collected.

[*Enter Bertrand with Soldiers.*]

Emperor: [*Speaking to the soldiers.*]
Grenadiers, we are going to France. We
Must march to Paris. My own countrymen
Will welcome you and me, the people of
France, nay, just twenty million souls who now
Are being treated with contempt by their
King Louis, will soon welcome our return.
They know and will recall that cause of men
Who have been faithful and fought for them on
The battlefield. My Grenadiers, we are
Paris bound. And we must embark on ships.
Order Bertrand, all men to now embark.

[*Exit Bertrand.*]

Soldiers: [*Cries of Paris or death!*]

[*Exit all except Letitia Bonaparte*]
[*Enter Colonel Campbell, British Commissioner.*]

Col. Campbell: How fares my Lady Bonaparte?
How sits the quiet breezes of the bay on
Your damask cheek and on your heart?

Letitia B.: I am
Well sir, I like the quiet and repose
Of this island.

Col. Campbell: When did the Emperor
And his troops their departure take?

Letitia B.: So long
Ago as it would take an old weak lady
To fill a pipe and watch fantastic and
Curling waves of blue smoke ascend and then
Vanish above her head, continuously
With puffs th' ingredients of pipe's round bowl
Are then transformed into flaky embers.
Thus in the pipe of death the ethereal soul
Is made ascend to climes beyond the skies;
And then the body is transformed to dust.
Or, as time is oft reckoned by laced web
Of the wild Spider Architect who weaves
Encircling palace web, supporting it
With stays—Now, just so long a time, dear Sir,
As it would take him to rebuild his web.

Col. Campbell: That is a bright description, but 'tis not
Instructive. Can you tell me, my good lady,
Whither he is bound?

Letitia B.: My son, now is reserved, naturally
Keeps to himself his plans, and his swift coming
And going, I have long since learned not
To question. What he tells free, openly,
Receive I freely, but now into his
Deep plans I make no scrutiny.

Col. Campbell: This old lady knows more than she will tell. [*Aside.*]
Well, my good lady, I see that it is
Useless to try to make a low informer
Of you. To say a woman can't hold her
Tongue, simply is false. I bid you adieu. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 4—*In a Defile at Laffray.*

[*Enter Bertrand and Druot.*]

Bertrand: I can see one battalion of the French
Infantry drawn up into battle order.
The youth, Delessart, is at their head, and
Among these soldiers many are good men
Who have fought for years under eye of our
Good Emperor. And they are waiting for
Their former General to now approach
Who has an outlaw been declared by
The King of France, and this battalion has
Orders to now arrest our Emperor
And him prevent from reaching Paris.

Druot: Now see the Emperor has just dismounted.

[*Enter Emperor.*]

Emperor: I shall walk up and down the road and
look [*Looking through his glass at the soldiers.*]
Through my glass at this French battalion just
Before me. I see they are soldiers of
The regiment fifth with that young Delessart
Commanding.

Druot: Parleying is our Officer of Guard
Now with Delessart.

[*Enter Delessart and Cambronne, Officer of Guard.*]

Delessart: I am determined to do my duty,
And if you don't withdraw forthwith, I will
Have you arrested.

Officer of Guard, Cambronne: But will you fire?

Delessart: I will my duty do.

[*Enter Roaul, Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon*]

Roaul: [*Addressing French soldiers*]
The Emperor is marching upon you.
The first shot, if you fire will be for him.
You'll answer for it soon before your country
And the broad nation of France. [*Aside*] Not a soldier
Moves; not a murmur is heard. Like a row
Of dumb stone images stand the troops.

[*Enter the Polish lancers, advancing to encircle the battalion, and the bear skins of the Old Guard come into sight.*]

Emperor: Now, soldiers of the Guard, reverse your arms. [*The Guard obey by placing their muskets under their left arm.*]

Officer of Guard: [*Speaking to Emperor*]
We are now in great peril, facing as
We do a strong battalion of armed men.

Emperor: When you are in great danger, just be calm,
Calm and serene, Sir! for God is in heaven
Above you.
Soldiers of the fifth regiment, do you [*Advances*]
Recognize me? [*Still he moves forward and opens his surtout.*]
Now I bare my breast; let any man
Who will, shoot his Emperor, here I am!

Soldiers: [*Shouts from soldiers*] Vive l' Emperor.

First Soldier: I wore this tri-color at Austerlitz!

Second Soldier: I wore this at Marengo!

Emperor: [*Speaking to Delessart*]
My friend, who made you chief of battalion?
And who made you captain?

Delessart: You, Sir! And now
I do surrender to you my sword.

Emperor: I accept your sword.

Emperor: [*Addressing the battalion — only a few soldiers being in sight.*]
My soldiers, I am coming 'mong you with
A handful of brave men, because I count
On the good people and on you. Throne of
Burbons is illegitimate, because
It has not been raised by our great nation;
Your fathers now are threatened by return
Of tithes, and privileges, feudal rights.
Is it not true citizens?

Soldiers: Yes! Yes! [*Chorus of troops.*]

Emperor: My soldiers, we have not been conquered.
Two
Men raised from our ranks, have betrayed our
Laurels, their country, their prince, also their
Benefactor. In exile I still have
Heard your voice. We ought to forget that we
Have been the masters of the world; but we
Ought ne'er to suffer foreign meddling in
Or interference in our own affairs.
Who dares pretend be master over us?
Take up again the eagles which you followed
At Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Tudela, at
Eckmuhl, Essling and at Somlenxk Moskow;
Soldiers, come now yourselves range under the
Broad banners of your old chief. Eagle with
The nation's colors true shall fly from steeple
To steeple 'till it reaches to the towers
Of Notre Dame. In your old age, be honored
Surrounded by your fellow citizens,
And you shall be heard with respect when you

Recount your high deeds; you shall then say with
Pride, "I, too, was one of that greatest army
Which entered twice within the stone walls of
Vienna. Which took Rome and Berlin and
Madrid and Moscow and delivered Paris
From domestic treason, occupation
Of strangers." You shall make a glory which
Shall not fade way. I have arrived once more
'Mong you, despite all obstacles and in most
All perils. I have just returned from Elba,
And am for Paris bound!
We will pay the price, if it is to go
Naked in the bleak wind or to walk weary
And footsore thru the desert; to go thirsty
With dry, parched throat and bleeding lips, or if
Thru gaunt and stalking hunger, yearning for
A crust of bread, or sleepless thru the bitter
Cold or the fiercest heat, thru flood, blood, flame,
Thru fire, we will go over the top to
Victory! Nay, if it's to die, we'll pay
The price for Liberty! [*Exit.*]

SCENE 5—*In the Palace.*

[*Enter King Louis and General McDonald.*]

King Louis: What news from Outlaw Bonaparte?

McDonald: Not good
News. The grenoble guards would not the gates
Open, and Bonaparte blew them apart.
The people could not bring to him the city
Keys, brought the shattered gates instead.
At Lyons bridge I had soon to retire,
And did with haste take my swift leave for Paris.

King Louis: Cannot you make a stand with your
battalions

At Melum?

McDonald: To make stand is simply useless.

King Louis: Then I'll this night throw down my crown;
For of what service is a pearl to swine?
He cannot eat or drink it and has no
Big admiration for the sight of it.
I will throw down my palace and then my
Kingdom, for of what service are they now
To me? I now had rather be the owner
Of a good pair of legs than this bedecked
Crown. I had rather have good wind just now
Than own a palace; I would rather be
A live tramp than a cold, dead King.

McDonald: Be a producer, see the glorious sun!
He hangs in space and unsupported by
The smallest hair save by that force unseen,
Unknown, which is now called gravity,
In his swift course gives forth warmth, heat and light.
He glows and glows and yet is ne'er consumed
Producing, yet he is consuming nothing;
Could you make such a light—just a small light!
Which would glow and glow and ne'er be consumed;
Thou art consumer, O' 'berger cheese and beer,
A maker—a factory o' bad odors,
Your eminations would stampede an army!

King Louis: "Actions speak louder than words." yet judge not
A man just by his actions, judge by his
Heart, for the heart is window to the soul.
Age takes the sparkle out of man, when you
Are old, and toothless, everybody is

Against an old man, he cannot to gibes
And scorns about his age reply, it is
Pitiful, an old man has no come back.
Throw out the red light danger sign of age!

McDonald: Be not too soon alarmed.
The Emperor's troops are crying "Paris bound."

King Louis: I'm gunshy, I'll go while the going is good!
I'll take no risks, I'm off this night, Lisle bound.

[*King Louis departs.*]

McDonald: I'll soon o'ertake you, we will make
For Netherlands. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 6—*A room in the palace of the Tuileries.*

[*Emperor sitting on his throne. Enter members of the Council: Fouche, Caulaincourt, Bertrand and Druot.*]

Emperor: Gentlemen, it is sure disinterested
Good people who have brought me back now to
My capital, it is the subalterns
And soldiers that have done it all.
My reasons were for leaving Elba: Failure
To pay my pension and the violation
Of treaty of Fontainebleau, and that
Assassins had been sent to Elba for
Express bad purpose of soon killing me.
Last year 'twas said that I recalled the Bourbons,
This year they do recall me; so, we are
Even. With such small handful of men we
Have marched from one Kingdom end e'en to
The other. Taken full possession of
The throne—and that, without the shedding of
Even one drop of blood.

Caulaincourt: I am so happy to congratulate
Your Majesty on your return to your
Throne, and I do believe I voice the will
Of fellow Councilmen when I do make
These short remarks. This brings to mind, you
will
Remember, that between the first and twentieth
Of March our Emperor fulfilled that strange
Prophecy in which he said victory
Would march at charging step, and that would fly
The royal eagle, and not pause, from steeple
To steeple to the towers of Notre Dame,
Even to dome of palace of Tuileries.

Councilmen: We all welcome the return of our
Emperor.

ACT IV.

Scene 1—*A Room in the Palace.*

[*Enter Consuls Fouche, Druot and Caulaincourt.*]

Fouche: How fares my noble councils?

Druot: I am well, thank you.

Fouche: I hear of wars and rumors of wars. I
Have made appeals most earnest and persuasive
To Emperor to now refrain from entering
Into campaign of swift aggression 'gainst
Russia. Alexander's minister
Was ordered in the first of April
To then demand withdrawal of the Northern
Troops and together with the evacuation
Of the fortress in Pomerania,
In case the French state should entertain
Still a wish to negotiate. Napoleon
Replied that he was not accustomed
To regulate the distribution of
His forces by suggestions of a power
Foreign to him; then th' ambassador
Did soon demand his passports, and quit Paris.

Druot: The Emperor seems very confident
And entertains no doubt of his success.

[*Enter the Emperor and Empress.*]

Emperor: How are you, my dear lady, after such
A lackadaisical indulgence in
The social rounds of our French capital?

Marie Louise: I am as bright as new Napoleon coin.

Emperor: We must prepare at once to take leave of
Paris, as I must now join that Grand Army.

Marie Louise: Your Majesty does not intend to leave
So soon his royal wife for field of battle?

Emperor: I must now bid my loving wife farewell.
[*Extends his hand to the Empress.*]

Marie Louise: Are you, dear husband, now to leave
again?
Give me a long and sweet caress, for I
Fear that I will ne'er see your face again.
[*Empress weeps.*]

Emperor: Yes, my dear royal lady, I must be off;
I will embrace you tenderly and then
Give you farewell caress. [*Embraces and kisses
the Empress.*]
I do appoint my royal wife, the Empress, Regent.
Farewell to my noble Council.
[*Exit Emperor.*]

Cauliancourt: "Weep no more my lady." [*Speaking to Empress.*]

Marie Louise: I must as I do feel so sad and lonely,
There comes on me sense of impending trouble.

Cauliancourt: You know the Emperor's oft lucky
star
Of destiny still hangs o'er him.

Marie Louise: And yet I feel it plainly as though
voice
From heaven had told me, or sure as sun
Will rise that I will never see my royal
Husband again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 2—*Emperor's tent.*

[*Enter Ghost of Duke D'Enghien.*]
[*Emperor Sleeping—Stormy.*]

Ghost: While in the grave I had reposed some space
Of time. We do not number time as you
Do on earth; any rate decay had just
Begun to leave its mark on coffin lid,
Which made it easy to escape confines
Of that dark cell, and worms were feasting
On my poor body. I could hear the sawing,
The clanging of this seething maelstrom of
Teeth and worms that were chewing on decay'd
Flesh of my body. Suddenly I sank.
At first, just slowly, then rapidly, 'till
Traversing deep, vast gulf that was, it seemed,
Dimensionless, I did alight into
A large room that was joined by another
Large room. 'Twas lit and furnished in great splendor.
The walls and ceilings were in burnished gold,
And there were flowers radiant with beauty,
Altho they seemed to give forth no perfume.
To one side there a man sat, least he had
Features that did resemble some men. His
Smile was more grin than smile. I wished to ask
Him if the place was heaven, but the look
Of him aw'd me to silence. He passed out.
A lady beautiful did now appear;
Her face bore marks of sadness. I asked her
To name the place and person who had left
The room. She said: "You're in the vestibule
Of Hell, and his satanic Majesty
Just passed out and now returns."
That gave me courage then to speak to him.

He grinned and eyed me as if to say: "I
Have got you!" Wishing to learn more of my
Fate, I told him it seemed a pleasant place.
He grinned and said, "Yes;" but soon the scene
Had changed. I dropped down to a fathomless
Pit of lurid, sulphurous flame. The heat
Of the sun is six thousand centigrade;
The heat of the great distant sun we call
Saturn is near two hundred thousand of
Centigrade heat degrees, and would a warm
Hell make. The heat of that place from whence I
Came can not e'er be measured; and compared
To it, this Saturn's climate is a cold
North pole. Still sleeping on the eve of your
Great doom! [*Speaking to Emperor.*]
Josephine, your divorced wife, warned you
That her ill-treatment would return to you.
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
I would I could sing you a soft low paean
Praising past greatness of Napoleon.
What I say surely will come to be true,
Misfortune's hand will shortly visit you.

[*Emperor starts up. Exit Ghost.*]

[*Enter Bertrand.*]

Emperor: What is the hour? 'Tis long past mid-
night. I
Had an unpleasant dream. They oft do follow
On bad digestion; else 'twas apparition.
This ghostly spirit says that I will lose
In the incoming struggle, I'm disturbed,
Tho I will keep it to myself, always [*Aside*]
Appearing just calm and serene.

Bertrand: Your Majesty now seems calm and serene.

[*Enter Talleyrand, Caulaincourt.*]

Talleyrand: I have to say now to your Majesty
That I will volunteer and go to Paris
And ascertain if it is possible
For you to interpose in treaty.

Emperor: You may proceed. Caulaincourt, you may go
At once to Paris and just see about
The treaty; meantime notice Talleyrand [*Aside*]
As I'm suspicious of him.

Caulaincourt: I will do your command. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3—*A Room in Hotel.*

[*Enter Alexander and Talleyrand.*]

Talleyrand: Good morrow to your Majesty, I am
Talleyrand, and come from Napoleon
Ostensibly to ascertain now if
'Tis yet just possible for him to in
Treaty soon interpose; but the real purpose
Now of my coming is desertion and
Then the joining of the forces of Allies.

Alexander: I am glad to meet you Sir, and I think
I have before heard that name—Talleyrand.
We are glad to have you join our Allies;
Perhaps you can give us some valuable
Information about his Majesty,
The Emperor Napoleon.

Talleyrand: I am
Now at your Majesty's command. I say
Napoleon and his men are now at
Fontainebleau, and I would suggest that you
Treat no more with Napoleon, and that
You should demand his abdication soon.

Alexander: Think you that it is opportune to now

Demand quite soon from him his abdication?

Talleyrand: I do, indeed; his men and officers
Are much demoralized, and now you can
Return the Bourbons to the throne.

Alexander: That is
My own decision.

Talleyrand: Caulaincourt is now coming; don't advise
Him of my own desertion. [*Exit Talleyrand.*]

Alexander: Who comes there?

Caulaincourt: 'Tis Caulaincourt, the messenger of France
From Emperor Napoleon.

Alexander: What is the subject of your message?

Caulaincourt: The Emperor now wishes to know if it
Is possible for him to interpose
Now with you in peace treaty?

Alexander: You can say to the Emperor
That I shall treat no more with him, and that
His abdication will soon be demanded. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 4—*A Room at Malmaison.*

[*Enter Josephine and her maid leading her.*]

Josephine sings:

Somewhere in France the sun is shining,
Somewhere the winds are wild leaves shaking,
Somewhere a lone wife is declining,
Somewhere in France a heart is breaking.
All things shall fade and die;
All that dear love and all that gold e'er gave
Leadeth on down to death.

Maid: What can I do for my dear royal lady?

Josephine: Time was that I was lady of good royal

Blood, but that time has passed never to
Return. Soon my sight shall grow dim and my
Poor life's low flickering taper go out, then
Lay me down in peace.
Remember me to his dear highness, tell
Him his hurts and misfortunes hurt and grieved
Me, and although unqueened he once did have
A queenly love; and cover me with rare
Flowers that token to the wide world that
I was a chaste wife, tell him in death he
Has my best blessings.
The fragrance of the flowers is sweet perfume
Of your breath. And at summer sunsets, thru
The rifts of golden clouds, and in my dreams
I see your face. In wailing of the winds,
In whisper of the waves, I hear your voice!
Some day, some time, some bright and golden day
I shall say not "goodnight," but on some bright
Georgeous sunrise shall give salute of th' morn!
[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

Scene 1—*Napoleon's Camp.*

[*Enter Emperor and Caulaincourt.*]

Emperor: What said the Czar about the treaty?

Caulaincourt: He
Says he will no more treat with you, and now
They do demand your abdication, and
Nothing can be arranged 'till you have made
A formal abdication.

[*Enter General McDonald.*]

Emperor: How now is McDonald, our good Marshall,
And does he wish to speak with me?

McDonald: I wish
To speak now to your highness and inform
You that if you refuse negotiations
On the smooth basis of your personal
Abdication, and then persist in risking
Attacks on Paris, we will not e'en then
Accompany you. Talleyrand's remark
That Marmot's watch just ran a little faster
Than the rest, was true.

Emperor: Alas! Have I come to this? Talleyrand's
Desertion and low perfidy were no
Surprise, for I know men to cold deep core,
And find the core is often much decayed
And steeped in low baseness and deception.
I find my officers and men whom I
Have favored are now filled with this high

Fever of swift desertion, and are now
Abandoning the ranks, and leave me to
Mine enemies. When times were good and we
Were prosperous, and yet victorious
How they did hang around me close and sing
My praise; and now misfortune comes to me,
And now the balance of fate hangs low down
Onto the leeward side, how they do sneak
Off in the dark and then desert my ranks.
When we were sailing on a calm, smooth sea
And there were no waves tossing to obstruct
The passage of our ships of war, and were
Winning victories and still gaining battles,
We had friends then in plenty; but soon as
The yawning mouth of dark adversity
Comes trooping close on our heels, 'twas then
friends
Do vanish and fade as the golden leaves
Of early autumn. I had hoped to
Establish soon a grand and glorious state
And government, with Paris as the Capitol
And leading city of all Europe, and with
The name of our French nation known the world
Over, but now I find my dreams of National
Grandeur and swift advancement are now fast
Vanishing. Farewell now to our vain honors
Of the field and the glory of the jewelled
Crown! And you say, McDonald, that you will
Not follow me?

McDonald: I say that not myself
Alone, but others will not follow you.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 2—*The Same.*

[*Enter Napoleon, Caulaincourt, Bertrand.*]

Emperor: How fares my friend, Caulaincourt, and what news
Bears he from Paris?

Caulaincourt: Your friend is well, but
The news is not good news; your Volunteer
Messenger, Talleyrand, had not the sooner
Entered the presence of the Czar than he
Began to tell all that he knew about
Your plans, and did forthwith his own desertion
Offer up to the Czar, I see that knave
And diplomat called Talleyrand now coming.
Be on your guard with him, he bodes no good.

[*Enter Talleyrand.*]

Talleyrand: How now fares my good friend, the Emperor?

Emperor: I am well but not fair to false friends, for
Now I have just received the news of your
Perfidy.

Talleyrand: Time is coming when there shall
Be peace—peace, universal, and this poor
Man's fight and rich man's war shall stop.
The bears have bade the eagles rest and now
Are watchful, waiting time to get their prey.
Down with this bloody, cold Autocracy,
Up with the banners of Democracy
And let the people rule. Might don't make right!

Emperor: I say the ultimate of problems can not be
Settled in such serene of fashions. There
Are issues so deep and abiding that
The sword alone can trace the final judgment;

Issues there are that no Amphictyonic
Council, though it spoke with divinest wisdom
Can ever settle.

Talleyrand: Now partition of
France would be such a crime against the world,
To now dethrone the Bourbons would be crime
Against thrones. Now say I a tyrant is
My Country's foe! You soon shall be dethroned!

Emperor: This hounding shall stop. Come on Sir! we shall
This argument now settle, for behold
I have a sword, the blade Damaskus steele,
The point so sharp that it would split in twain
A hair of such perdurable toughness.
It has done me good service on the battle
Field. Come on, Sir! no longer squander time
And words.

[*They fence, the Emperor wounds Talleyrand.*]

Talleyrand: I'm wounded, but not killed.

Caulaincourt: Now be becoming to good men of rank,
Put up your swords.

[*Exit—Talleyrand is borne out.*]

SCENE 3—*The Same.*

[*Enter Emperor, Bertrand, Caulaincourt and Montholon.*]

Caulaincourt: I have a message to your highness from
The Empress Josephine, delivered to
Me by the maid.

Emperor: What is the main import?

Caulaincourt: She said "remember me to his own dear
Highness. Tell him that his hurts and the bad
Misfortune hurt and grieved me, and though
Unqueened, he once did have a queenly love;
And cover me with sweet rare flowers that
Are tokens to world that I was a chaste
Wife, tell him in death he has my best blessing."

Emperor: What is undone may be done, "What is done cannot be undone."
What is the thought of man, Bertrand?

Bertrand: It is
Like the wind, I know not from whence it came.

Emperor: Normal thought is due to reaction 'tween
Thyroidin and the protoplasm of brain
Cortex cells. This reaction does produce
Nerve force. Or sets free some potential
Nerve force stored in the cells. This vital process
Is called thought. It does consist, first of
Apprehension; and second, of reasoning as by induction, algebraic method and by equations, the geometrical method, or by deduction, method of reasoning by calculus. Third, judgment, which is a form of nerve force or nervous activity, which is said to inform or illuminate the will, the organ of which ontogenetically, is the Pituitary Ganglion.
There is a higher personality
Abiding in the living brain and makes
There habitat or earthly citadel.
It is the living or immortal soul.

Bertrand: Then if your thyroid is removed your
Thought will stop?

Emperor: Manufacture of thought will cease

And your brain, or thought factory, will stop.
Bertrand, I have the State done some good service,
I have won just 'bout eighty battles and
The glories of the battle field have come
On me, what are vain glories of the world?
For there soon comes a drouth, a withering
And parching drouth, in which these blades and blooms
Of worldly glory do fade and soon wither.
How parched and dry now seems this barren field.

Bertrand: Sir, you have sure done our State some good service.

Emperor: Bertrand, I have been master of the world, [*Emperor takes poison*]
And soon I shall descend into th' cold ground!

[*Enter Montholon.*]

Ha! Montholon, my Montholon, farewell;
My Montholon, a long farewell! I'll take
A last and lingering look at bright blue sky,
Which at night, shows the blue star-decked dome
The jewels and gems of the bannered blue,
Just some fair flecks of glory flowing through.

Montholon: The Emperor has poison drank, call quick
A doctor. [*Aside, speaking to Bertrand.*]
Cannot I help you some way?

Emperor: No, I am past all help; No, no, and shall
I never see her sad sweet face again?
Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore. Cold is
Creeping up my limbs. I see in the distance
A beautiful and deep clear crystal river,
And just on other side are pastures green

With everblooming flowers, I shall cross
Over the river and rest under the shade
Of the trees. [*Swoons away.*]

Montholon: The doctor shall arrive and soon we shall
This raveled sleeve of care knit up, for this
Good human bark is beached on the cold shores
Of dark adversity. We shall restore him soon
To life. I just heard him say he would not
Stay here for all the gold of Ophir. Come,
Let us now wake him from a deep repose.

[*Exeunt.*]

WILD LANNUI

'Twas nineteen years back in the distant past,
A bloody war there was, that seemed to last
As long as blood did run in the Sioux veins;
The field was filled with deep and bloody stains.
'Twas on the battle field of Bended Knee,
Between our infantry and cavalry
And that bold Indian tribe of the Sioux braves,
Who risked their lives until there were filled graves.
The soldiers' bullets fell as thick as rain,
The men were shot and killed and th' squaws were
slain.
Of all of those who did survive this awful war,
Was a little child that the bullets failed to mar.
The gallant troopsmen named her Wild Lannui,
Which in the Sioux means Wild Bird from the sky.

The mother's lifeless arms the child embraced,
In life a guard, in death protection placed,
A mother's love unselfish to the last,
Protecting e'en when life itself is past.
Wild Bird was found pressed to her mother's breast,
The mother motionless in a final rest.
Her matron eyes could not see nor her tongue express
What her face and arms told of the last caress,
But the thrills and cadence of a liquid note
Seemed to come down from a heavenly angel throat:

"Oh please, kind whiteman, spare, oh spare my child!
My life counts not a straw in th' forest wild,
But as for thee, thou child of innocence,
By what sad fate wast thou thus nurtured hence!

Thou did'st not choose so soon the battlefield,
'Twas not thy choice that so to fate thou'd'st yield!
Oh, search where you may this illustrious gem,
This God-made star in heaven's diadem,
Search where you may, I pray, if you have bent,
Look o'er the West, or the gorgeous Orient,
And you shall find no sweeter songster heard,
Than this the black haired beautiful Wild Bird!"

—J. M. White, M. D.

THE HOME OF BEAUTY

There is a place that treasures the sweetness of the
swift melting snow,
And gathers forever the fleetness of the sunbeams
gleam and glow,
The bloom and blossom of flowery skies are taken
each Autumn away,
And carried to their homes in paradise where they can
never decay,
The flowers and fragrance that faded and vanished
in Autumn from view,
Shall grow in a garden unshaded with colors crimson-
ed anew.
The eve-light that lingers and far-beams o'er the
broad blue ocean,
And the light of little star-beams, shall be brought
near and felt with devotion.
The night without shadow, silence without gloom, the
hour most loved in life.
All beauty and blessings shall cower tho' unreached
in the world of strife,
The landscape here bordered with beauty and bright-
ness far beyond our gaze,
Shall be brought near and felt with a lightness un-
known in mortal days.

—J. M. White, M. D.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 477 467 7